## The Washington Times

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## Browning and the Stenographer

Whose Poetry (†) Do You Like the Better?

Spring is the time for poetry.

Somehow, while other things are bursting forth-leaves, early flowers, and new fashions-the human heart strains at the boundaries of prose and breaks into verse.

It usually is a sad time for those who write and those who read. The authors feel that they are not appreciated. The readers are certain that they are imposed upon.

There is very little good poetry.

Once in a while a vagrant verse is written, like "In Flanders Fields." that attracts wide attention and gains great popularity.

But, says the literary expert, "popularity doesn't make poetry."

What is poetry?

Watts-Dunton, the great English authority on verse, the friend of Tennyson, Swinburne, and Rossetti, says it is the concrete and artistic expression of the human mind in emotional and rhythmical language. Like most technical definitions, that doesn't satisfy any but the technical mind.

On the chance that the office boy would have a better explanation, for office boys are keener of intellect than their job implies, we asked him. His answer was: "It's the stuff where every line begins with a capital letter, and it sounds good when you read it."

"Example is better than precept," so we print below two poems and ask you to decide if either or both of these are true verse or if neither measures up to what you think poetry should be.

One of them, "Evelyn Hope," was written by Robert Browning, hailed as one of the greatest of English writers of verse. The other, "The Old Maid," was written and sent to this newspaper by a hard-working stenographer, who doesn't let poetry writing interfere with her regular work, but who says, "I get the keenest enjoyment of my life in writing verse."

Here are the two poems; they both concern Death, which, with Love and War, has been the inspiration of almost all the great poems ever written:

EVELYN HOPE.

By Robert Browning.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour, That is her bookshelf, this her bed: She plucked that piece of geranium

Beginning to die, too, in the glass; Little has yet been changed, I think; The shutters are shut, no light may Save two long rays thro' the hinge's

Sixteen years old when she died! Perhaps she had scarcely heard my

It was not her time to love; beside. Her life had many a hope and aim, Duties enough and little cares, And now was quiet, now astir,

Till God's hand beckoned unawares-And the sweet, white brow is all At the foot of her grave I shall plant

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope? What, your soul was pure and true? The good stars met in your horoscope Made you of spirit, fire, and dew-And, just because I was thrice as old And our paths in the world diverged

We were fellow mortals, naught

. . . . .

I love you. Evelyn, all the while, My heart seemed full as it could hold. There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,

hair's young gold. So, hush-I will give you this leaf to

Sec, I shut it inside the sweet cold

Subscribe!

ness

tional ideals.

There, that is our secret; go to sleep! You will wake, and remember, and

Subscribe! Not because your Govern-

pression of patriotism.

flom and democracy.

ment asks it. Subscribe! Ba-

cause to do so is a practical ex-

are a guaranteed insurance.

They represent protection, free-

in "khaki and blue" who gave

their today for your tomorrow.

and marines may feel that

chivalry in every contingency.

always and that republics yet

unborn may revere its great-

where, may realize that this

Nation pacified, as in war, is

united for preserving its tradi-

to be a one hundred per cent

Subscribe! As a tribute to the men

Subscribe! That our soldiers, sailors,

Subscribe! That Liberty may abide

Subscribe! That everyone, every-

Subscribe! Because a subscription

Which do you like the better, the work of Browning or the stenographer?

SUBSCRIBE!

By LOUIS VARNUM WOULFE.

Subscribe! Because Federal bonds Subscribe! That the honor of the

Americans stand behind their The responsibility is yours. Your ex-

To the Victory-Liberty Subscribe! That the wonderful work

spected.

world?

THE OLD MAID. By Mary Humphreys.

Miss Essie has come to the end of he She died an old maid. In her coffin so cold, in her parlor so prim.

Where the sorrowful shadow of twi light delays, Very wrinkled and old, very pallid Miss Essie lies dead.

A flower that never was destined to

Tho' its petals unfurled To the kiss of the night, to the clasp of the storm; Tho' it shrank in affright from its pitiful doom:

Yet a withering blight, yet a cankering worm In its bosom lay curled.

a wild rose. And perchance it may fall

In a summer to come, when the graves are all green. That some little maiden as homeward she goes Thru the churchyard may roam, and

in fear at her sin Pluck a rose for her doll. Each was naught to each, must I be She will tenderly fondle its petals so

And she never will know That she kisses a soul that was

hungry for love, That a mother's fond fingers are stroking her hair. That the bitter tears roll from a mother above To her baby below.

And the red young mouth, and the Miss Essie has come to the end of her

Subscribe! That out of the melting

come a fraternal world.

Subscribe! That liberty may live, de-

pot of national differences may

United States and the rights of

humanity may be forever re-

velop, spread everywhere; that

peace may stand unchallenged;

that America-your land and

my land-may take her merited

place in the Council of Nations.

ample, your contribution, your

investment, will be an index of

the value you place upon what

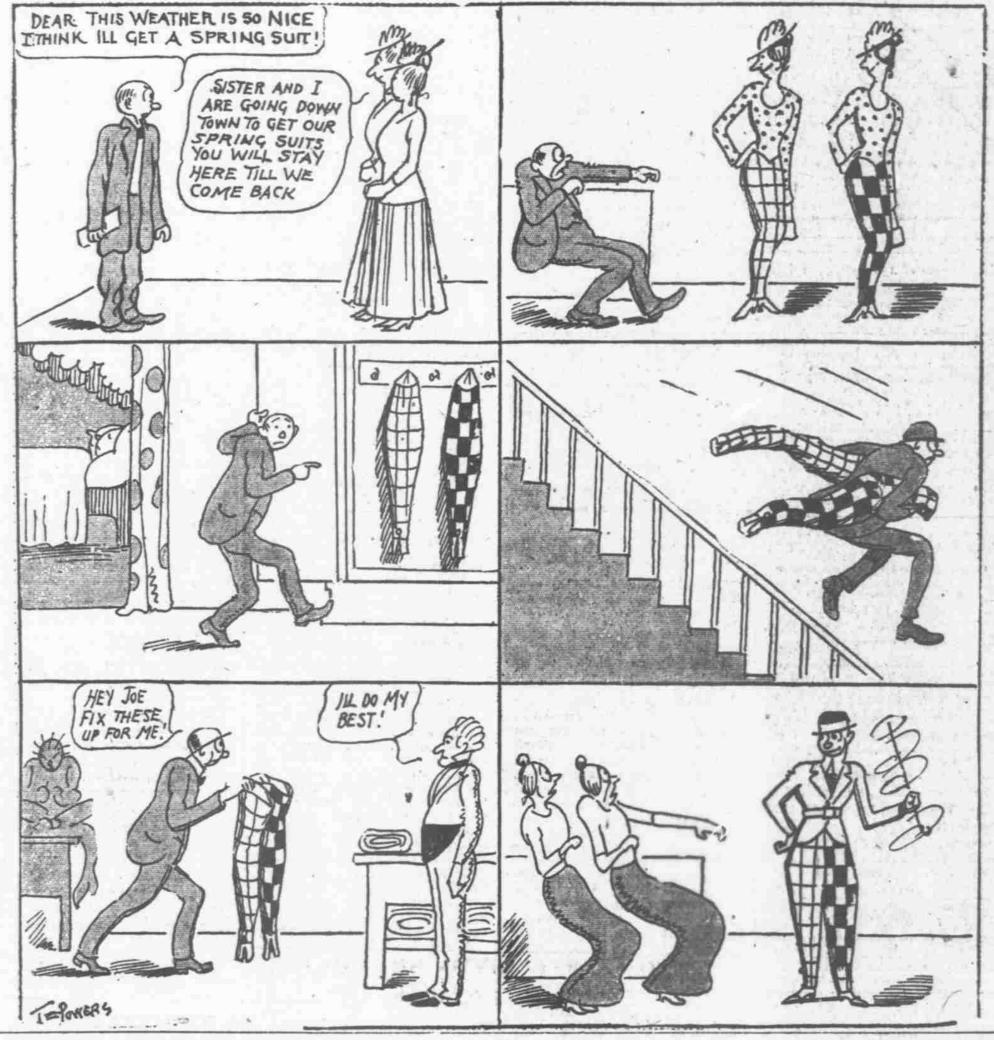
lend to the greatest Govern-

She died an old maid. Nobody loved her, and nobody cares That tired out with longing, and sick In her dark little room at the foot Miss Essie lies dead.

of peace building may at no time stop for want of financial

America has done for your per-And, speaking of advertising w The debt is yours. What will you sacrifice to discharge this master obligation. What will you ment, of the greatest people, of the greatest nation in the vests you with a rightful claim I answer-a subscription. May my faith in your patriotism and Americanism be sustained. it is, the more sacred it should be.

The League of Husbands -:- By T. E. Powers Two Hobbies Equal One Pair of What-You-Call'ems



## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

TODAY'S TOPIC BACHELORS AGAIN "LOCK HORNS."

What's Doing; Where; When

Free lecture—By Dr. David Jayne Hill, sions at 2 and 3:15 p. m. Evening sessions at 8 and 3:30 p. m. in National long," under auspices of George Wash-

tions," under auspices of George Washington University, Memorial Continental Hall, 4:45 p. m. Public is invited.

"Welcome Home" dinner—George Washington University Law School, New Masonic Temple, 6:50 p. m., preceded by meeting of Law School Alumni Association of Santchmann.

Tomorrow.

Chorus, Sunday school room o fthe Church contest, arts and sciences department, 202 of the Ascension, Twelfth street and Mas-

achusetts avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Loan rally—Auspices of Mid-City Citiens' Association, auditorium of Public
library, 8 p. m. The Rev. James 1.
Sordon will speak.

"The Dick and Spade"

"The Dick and Spade"

Illustrated lecture—"The Pick and Spade Bible Lands," Dr. Mitchell Carroll, of rchaeological Society of America, New Public is invited.

ork Avenue Presbyterian Church, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Booklovers' Club of Y. W. C.
in Y. W. C. A. headquarters, Fourenth and G streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Randall Highlands Citizens'
Association, Randle Highlands Church, 8

READERS of this column have greatly enjoyed the "scrapping" of two male belligerents, neither of whom has committed himself to the necessary number of "I wills," which convert the most didactic of bachelors into the gentlest and most thoroughly broken of married men-"safe for lady to drive."

Out of the fullness of their inexperience have they spoken: the "Bachelor" thinks the trouble with girls who do not attract men is that they show too plainly how much they care. The Walter Reed boy who has taken up the cudgels for the girls, berates the "Bachelor" for telling the number of girls who have proposed to him. "N. C. O.'s" letter, which is signed "Lame Guy," is as follows:

"Why Devote So Much Space To His Conquests?"

My dear Miss Fairfax: While it is rather hard to reply to one who cannot stick to the point long enough to furnish an argument, I am going to do my best, in my "pedantic" fashion, to

answer old boy "Bachelor." If he is trying to appear sarcastic, why stoop to such a pitifully weak weapon with which to discredit his adversary, if such he wishes to regards the writer? (By the way, "N. C. O." while it does

not officially mean "not carried over," may, I am glad to say, be so interpreted. Some of us did not have to be "carried" over. We To go on: "If he wants to deny that he is a "heart-breaker,' why devote so much space to his conquests? Oh, we believe you, all right, Bach. You doubtless have seem to be playing the Ridge-Run-

got 'em in Memphis, Nashvilleners pretty strong; did they run you out of the forty-add States, or are the girls in West Tennessee not as sensible as they are in other parts? I hate to believe it. I've lived in Tennessee. I repeat, we believe you, but why advertise it? No white man brags of the way he throws 'em over after hypnotizing

advertise one's love for one's mother? One may as well pride himself on breathing air, or eating food. In my opinion-which I admit is SOME opinion-love for one's mother is just a little too sacred a subject for public discussion, and the greater So the Bachelor believes that no

woman can or will inspire a man to go through an already too often mentioned place for her. Perhaps none of them want to do it, but what on earth would be the sense of possessing life if there were no one to give that life for when it became "both sweet and proper" to do so?"

I am no less a coward than the average man, and I think just as much of my life and happiness, and am just as selfish as the average man; but I have come to realize that, outside of my mother, there is a person I'd be perfectly satisfied to fall off the Washington Monument for. And while she may not want to inspire me to sacrifice all for her, she has, nevertheless, done so, and all I want is the chance.

Not Going to Play Second Fiddle. Nor is this person going to play second fiddle." I'll be only too happy to let her lead the band, if she wants to. To cut it short, I am being wrapped around a very little finger, and I am tying myself into knots so that there will be no chance of slipping off when the wrapping process is completed.

The Bachelor's gas cloud does not fill me with anger. On the other hand, I feel just enough compassion for him to hope, for his own sake, that some day he will stumble and fall, same as I have. And to fall that way does not mean that

on at 6:15 p. m. Lieut, S. T. Ansell to

Rehearsal — "Star-Spangled Banner"

eenth and G streets northwest, 8 p. (iss Alice Hutchins Drake will speak.

Meeting-Hampton Institute Alumni As- p. m

residence of F. D. Lee, 923 R

one loves his mother any the less because of that other love. Rather, there is completed another "eternal triangle," which is too often ridiculed; the mother, the woman, and the man: the mother first, because she is the mother; the woman before the man, because the opposite view was more or less gypped during the little undertaking which closed last November, and the man last, because the other two are so far ahead of him. And there, friend Bachelor, you have a combination that comprises all that a man has

In closing, let me remind the Bachelor that, while Kipling is justly famed for his assertion that-

Down to Gehenna, or up to the Throne, He travels the fastest who travels

he deserves even more credit when he made the "Lords of their hands" 'Until we are made like angels, with hammer and chisel and

We will work for ourselves and a Woman, forever and ever, amen." I am not an angel. Are you,

LAME GUY. Several girls have contributed to the scrap by expressing their opinion that the belligerent "Bach-

Tomorrow.

University's annual Davis prize-speaking

Speaking contest-George Washington

Entertainment-"An Evening of Indian

elor" lost every vestige of popularity when he confided the baleful effect his "fatal gift" had on those Tennessee and Texas girls who proposed to him. One young lady says: "His excellent mother failed in one particular, at least, she spared her slipper and brought up a tattler." But we are not going to give all of her letter, there are rules to be observed even in the ring and the use of hatpins is debarred. A gentler rebuke is: Think as Much of One as Another. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

To my great disgust, and disappointment, the marriage question is becoming alarming. Most girls of today continually crave good times, which in their opinion consist of risque dancing, cigarette smoking, drinking, and rag-time parties. Now I am not opposed to enjoyment when it is on a sane and reputable footing. My point is this: There are many young men of good morals desirous of good wives, yet afraid of the modern young woman, whose ideas of marriage are not based on love but mostly on a financial standpoint. They seem to think as much of

one man as they do of another, even after marriage. Most girls are enemies to domestic work and regard a husband as a means of evading such sordid employment. I know all girls are not like this, but the majority of them are. I see great misfortune befall young girls every day owing to ignorance, lack of restriction on the part of parents and courted temptation. How can girls ' demand respect when, apparently, they have none for themselves. They present themselves in public scantily dressed and seem to delight in the use of profane language. I believe much of the trouble lies with modern parents who, instead of leading the children, are led by them. And the modern vulgar dances go far to ruin young women. What will become of future genera-

The only suggestion I have to offer this correspondent as a remedy for his pearimism is the next time he has an idle half hour or so on his hands to betake himself to a public library and look over some of the old Latin authors who worried over future generations before the dawn of the Christian era. The pendulum swings so far, and then it has to swing back again. There is considerable evidence, on hand at present, to show that the sciation, residence of F. D. Lee, 223 R
street northwest, 8 p. m. All alumni and
former students of Hampton Institute Invited.

Meeting—District of Columbia Federation of Women's Clubs, board room of
District Building, 2 p. m. Mrs. Court F.
Wood will preside.

Meeting—West End Citizens' Association,
Kidder Hall, 822 Twentieth street porthwest, 8 p. m.

Opening session—Annual meeting of the
National Academy of Sciences, Smithsonian
Institution, 10:20 a. m., will simment—"An Evening of Indian
Art." Central High School, Eleventh and
Clifton streets northwest, 8 p. m. Miss
Lula A. Root, of New York, will sing.
Address—Ir. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois,
editor of To Crisis," before Bethel Litterary Society in Metropolitan A. M. E.
Church, 8 p. m.
Address—Prof. Samuel J. MacWatters,
of American University, "Browning and
the Christian Faith," Foundry Church,
4:30 p. m.
Address—Major Oliver P. Newman, before mass meeting of citizens in Park View
School, 8 p. m. swing back to normality has already begun. The great spiritual and religious awakening in the allied countries of Europe for one thing. And as for the type of girl he speaks of, they, like the poor, are always with us. They are the unfortunate flies of our so-called civilization who fall on the flypaper, alas!

Live Topics

Cheaper Milk-Clubhouse or Jail-Street Cars for Potomac Park.

By EARL GODWIN:

DR. FOWLER, the Health Officer, is to be commended and congratulated if he can bring down the price of milk. If, as the news from the District Building indicates, the price will be at 14 cents a quart or LOWER, Dr. Fowler will have accomplished something for which he deserves a place in the hall of District of Columbia fame.

The public generally does not understand the many problems confronting the milkman. All the public knows is that the price of milk goes UP. The Health Office, assailed on all sides by men who have a pocketbook interest in milk-and nothing else-is in a position to see all sides of the milk business, from the farmer all the way through to the man who leaves the milk bottles at your house. Washington has heard long enough that "you can't have cheap milk as long as there are strict Health Office regulations." I believe that we can and will have good, clean milk at lower prices than we are now paying, but it will take a vigilant public official who KNOWS the milk situation to insure this to the public.

I have been disappointed because Dr. Louis Zinkhan, former Superintendent of the Jail, has not issued any statement nor given the public his side of the ugly situation at the jail. As the matter stands now the old and well-known administration of the jail is under serious charges and the public is getting a one-sided impression.

Jails are built for one purpose to keep prisoners. When prisoners escape en masse, as occurred a few months ago, the community is shocked. But when it is charged that prisoners under charge of murder are allowed to walkout of the jail and attend festivities "because the party would not be complete without him," we might as well have no jail at all.

I am glad to see that a part of the Beeler belt line project is receiving the careful consideration of the Public Utilities Commission. The project now under scrutiny, if carried to a conclusion, would make Potomac Park easier of access and would be of benefit to the thousands of Government clerks in the new War and Navy Department buildings.

Potomac Park has always been too far away from the great mass of the public. For thousands of people it is almost too much of a journey. It was designed for a PUBLIC benefaction, and in truth it is one of the greatest blessings any city could have, but to make it COMPLETE it needs service from a car line which taps all sections of the city.

## HEARD AND SEEN

York avenue, has a suggestion for and, remembering those camouflaged tonians who are going to see that from Ohio for our mutual friend wounded soldiers are not permitted GRAFTON WILCOX, I cannot esto stand up in street cars. Mr. Whitehouse calls it the "LEST lation is:

"Why not," he suggests, "request the conductors instead of calling 'wounded soldiers' to sing out this kind of a general alarm or put a card marked 'Lest We Forget' in large type where all the passengers necticut avenue to can see it?"

Here's a Little Girl Who Matches Robert Ashton's quarter and raises him two bits. New who'll come along with Loretta and give me a dollar?

"I saw in your columns where a little boy, eight years old, sent you 25 cents he had earned to help buy smokes for soldiers. He wants some one to match his 25 cents. I have 50 cents that I have earned will match his 25 cents and give 25 cents more. Who will match my 50 cents? "I was going to buy hair ribbon,

but, when I saw your article I changed my mind. "I think it would be a good idea

for you to start a club for the girls and boys who donate money to help buy smokes for sick soldiers." LORETTA R. BROWN, 626 F street southwest.

Is To That Lamp Post Verse: get this from D. B. WINFREY "Shades of Chanler, Pope, and Dryden! Can't you hear their bones rattling, and their spirits tearfully 'How could the muse which inspired us to have come to such a

HILLEARY OFFUTT says the same

man that wrote the Liberty Loan sign in front of the District National Bank wrote all that suspended verse that you see hitched to the lamp

I thought BERT ST. CLAIR R ather early, you say? wrote it. He used to be a buggy L ots of time left,

A carrier pigeon with a hurt wing landed on the roof of the Munsey Building the other day. My office boy, JIMMY RICK ETTS, took care of the bird, which had a message tied to one leg. Here's the message: W....B....L....Y.... B....E....E....S....

I'll give a prize of two tickets to any theater in Washington to the person who sends the cleverest message based on those

Here are some of the guesses at that mesage on the carrier pigeon. The cleverest answer gets two tickets to any show in town. Announcement of the winner later.

I take my Corona in hand to essay a clever interpretation of the mystic letters found on the foot of the car- test closes Thursday.

F. S. WHITEHOUSE, 917 New rier pigeon by Jimmie Ricketts, fils, the name of the club of Washing refreshments you promised to order cape the conclusion that the trans-

> Wilcox's Refreshments Left Youngstown By Express Early Saturday. Do let me know when they arrive. In the meantime, send tickets to "The Little Brother" to 2120 Con-GEORGE CLEMENCEAU WILSON (You will note I've dropped the Orlando from my name).

"Why Refuse Loaning; Your Best Efforts Entertain Success." PRIVATE W. E. DUNBAR, 63rd Infantry Band, Bast Potomac

"Washington Responds Liberally Yearly, Because Expectation, Especially, Sustains. DOROTHY LOUISE JOHNSON, 1021 9th St. N. W.

We Recognize Liberty Yet Because Each Enjoyment's Sweet. Postal Telegraph, Union Station.

It was a message to the wives, mothers and sweethearts of Washington from the boys arriving on the transport Mt. Vernon, who have been serving with the American forces in France and is as fellows: "We Return Loudly Yelling, Bonds Ended Enemy's Shelling. Now don't keep this a secret any longer. Let everybody know it and the Victory loan will be quickly over-

FREDERICK H. PURDUE. 1306 Shepherd St. N. W. Who Ran Last Year's Big Excursion Every Sunday?"

DENIS B. REAGAN. 73 H St. N. W. P. S. Or was it Saturday? W ill you buy a bond?

Y ou must wait for your pay. B e patriotic. E arly's the word .-

E ven the chillren S eem to have heard. W ould you help your country? R ight here is the way.

L et the wounded soldiers see Y ou are in the fight to stay. B uy a Victory bond. E very one couldn't fight.

E ven fifty dollars S hows your heart is right. R. G. COLE, Master Engineer, 478th Engineers, Care Chief of Engineers, Wash-

Wilson's Rollicking Lanky Yankee Boys Ended Europe's Slaughter. WILLIAM E. BROWN. 1227 New York Ave.

More suggestions tomorrow. Com-